AN HISTORICAL

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE, ACTIONS, and CONDUCT

OF

Dr. *Archibald Cameron*,

Brother to *Donald Cameron* of *Lochiel*, Chief of that Clan.

CONTAINING,

I. The Reaſons which induced the Doctor to liſt himſelf among the Rebels.

II. His principal Buſineſs and Employment in the Chevalier's Army.

III. The Genealogy of the *Camerons*, traced up to their firſt Great Anceſtor; with many curious Anecdotes, relating to the Proweſs and Magnanimity of ſeveral Chiefs of that Clan.

III. A Character and Deſcription of the antient Highlanders, their Manners, Cuſtoms, Dreſs, Language, Hardineſs, and peculiar Way of Life.

WITH

The Proceedings againſt him at the Court of *King's Bench*, his Behaviour at the *Tower* after Sentence, his taking Leave of his Wife and Friends, the Proceſſion from the *Tower* to the Place of Execution, and his Behaviour there.

With a curious Print of Dr. CAMERON.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter-row*, W. REEVE, *Fleet-ſtreet*, and C. SYMPSON, at the *Bible-Warehouſe*, *Chancery-lane*. 1753.

[Price Six-pence.]

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AN HISTORICAL

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OF THE

LIFE

OF

Dr. *ARCHIBALD CAMERON.*

IN the Year 1745, now eight Years ago, *Charles Edward*, eldeſt Son of the Pretender, accompanied only with ſeven Perſons, landed in *Scotland*. The ſeven Companions of the young Adventurer were theſe following, *viz.* The Marquis of *Tullibardine*, eldeſt Brother to the Duke of *Athol*, who was attainted in 1713. 2. Old *Lochiel*, the Father of Dr. *Cameron*, who fought in the ſame Cauſe in 1715. 3. General *Macdonald*, a Lieutenant-general in the *Iriſh* Brigades. 4. Sir *Thomas Sheridan*, an *Iriſh* Gentleman, of a middle Age, and great Capacity. 5. Colonel *O Sullivan*, an *Iriſhman*, formerly a Prieſt, and Tutor to Marſhal *Maillebois*'s Son. He was the young Chevalier's Director of the Artillery, and Aid de

Camp. 6. Mr. *Kelly*, many Years a Priſoner in the Tower of *London*, on Account of the Affair of the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. 7. Mr. *Mechel*, many Years a Servant to the Old Chevalier, and, for the Affection he had to the Son, kept him Company in this Expedition.

As ſoon as he was landed, he went to the Houſe of *Donald Macdonald*, of *Kenloch Moidart*; from whence he ſent out Letters to the adjacent Clans, to acquaint them with his Arrival. Upon which *Cameron* of *Lochiel*, after much Entreaty, went to him, and expreſſed his Surprize to ſee him ſo weakly attended, and poſitively refuſed to raiſe his Clan till the Chevalier could produce, in Writing, the *French* King's Reſolution to aſſiſt him with a proper Number of Forces. Being ſatisfied in this Point, he ſummoned his Clan, and ſet up his Standard, with this Motto, *Tandem triumphans, at length triumphant.* But at the ſame Time told him, That his Scheme was too ill concerted to expect Succeſs from it; and that the Iſſue of it would be the Ruin of his Friends.

BUT, before we proceed farther, it may be proper to acquaint the Reader, that Dr. *Cameron*, the Subject of our Memoirs, was in himſelf of a quiet and peaceable Temper, and had he not been Brother to the famous *Lochiel*, the warmeſt Stickler the Pretender had, it's very probable we ſhould never have heard of him in this Rebellion.

As his Father, *Evan Cameron*, of *Lochiel*, was the Chief of one of the moſt famous Clans in the Highlands, this his Son was educated in all the Branches of Learning which the beſt Schools or Univerſities of *Scotland* could afford. His Father deſigned him for the Bar; but young *Archibald* obſerving, that in order to be properly qualified for an Advocate, he muſt be Maſter of all the Quirks and ſophiſtical Reaſonings that are uſually made Uſe of to puzzle a Cauſe, and hoodwink the Underſtanding with factitious Arguments. He therefore applied himſelf to the Study of a Science more agreeable to his natural Genius and Turn of Mind; and Phyſic was pitched upon, as what was more advantageous, and indeed more conſonant to Mr. *Cameron*'s own Inclinations. In order to which, the Knowledge of the Human Syſtem was highly neceſſary. For this Purpoſe, he applies himſelf to the Study of Anatomy; for without ſome tolerable Acquaintance with this, a Man will make but a very indifferent Figure either as a Phyſician or Surgeon. He therefore put himſelf under the Direction of Dr.

Alexander

Alexander Munro of the Univerſity of *Edinburgh*, a Gentleman of eſtabliſhed Reputation, and juſtly eſteemed for his extenſive Knowledge in all the Branches of Surgery; which he has acquired not only by his own indefatigable Induſtry and judicious Obſervations on the Variety of Caſes that have come under his Cognizance, but has likewiſe improved his Judgment by attending to the Operations performed by his Father Dr. *Munro*.

WHEN Mr. *Cameron* had acquired a competent Skill in Anatomy, he applied himſelf to the Study of Phyſic, and herein was inſtructed by Dr. *Sinclair*, a Gentleman very eminent in the Faculty. Having continued a convenient Time with Dr. *Sinclair*, not content with the Progreſs he had already made, he reſolves to Travel, and to improve himſelf in foreign Countries, in the Practice of an Art which he intended to make his Profeſſion. Accordingly he went to *Paris*, where he had the beſt Opportunities of increaſing his Knowledge. And being thus ſufficiently qualified to exerciſe his Profeſſion, he returned to *Lochabar*; where ſoon afterwards he married a young Lady of good Repute, whoſe Name was *Campbell*, who has made him the Father of ſeven Children, and is about ſeven Months gone with the eighth; unhappy for her and them, that they muſt be allotted ſo large a Share of Sufferings for his Crime, without being Partakers in his Guilt!

THUS Dr. *Cameron*, who might have made a conſiderable Figure even in a Court, or a populous and well cultivated City, contents himſelf with exerciſing his Talents among a People, whoſe Manners and Fierceneſs reſembled them very much to the wild Beaſts of a Foreſt: Yet, by his gentle and humane Carriage among them, many were taught to follow a more honeſt Courſe of Life than is generally aſcribed to the Highlanders, eſpecially the *Camerons*, who have been reckoned the moſt infamous of all the Clans for their Thefts and Plunderings. The Doctor therefore took as much Pains in cultivating the Minds of theſe poor ignorant Wretches, as he did of their Bodies, in preſcribing them proper Remedies in all their Illneſſes. So that the whole Clan, by Means of his and his Brother's Inſtructions and Regulations, were greatly reformed in their Morals; Honeſty and Induſtry increaſed every-where by the Encouragement given by their Patrons, who took all imaginable Pains to inſtruct them in the Principles of Juſtice and Reli-

gion, and to civilize their Manners by teaching them to behave like rational and ſociable Creatures.

As the Highlanders in all Reigns have been remarkable for diſturbing the eſtabliſhed Government of *Scotland*, by taking up Arms on every Invaſion for the Invaders, and have been the Ringleaders and chief Promoters of the Rebellion, which, on this Occaſion, had almoſt ruined that Kingdom, I believe it will not be amiſs to give a Character of them from Hiſtory.

Buchanan, the *Scots* Hiſtorian, ſays, They are as parſimonious as the Antients in their Diet, Apparel, and Furniture. They fiſh and hunt for their Food, and while they hunt, eat it raw, after having ſqueezed out the Blood. Their Drink is Meat-broth, or Whey, of which they have Plenty at their Entertainments; but moſt of them drink Water. Their Bread is a very artful Compoſition of Oats and Barley, the only Grain which their Country produces. After eating a little of it in the Morning, they hunt, or go about their Buſineſs, without eating any more till Night. They delight moſt in Cloaths of ſeveral Colours, eſpecially ſtriped, and the Colours they are fondeſt of are Purple and Blue. Their Anceſtors, as many of them do ſtill, made uſe of Plaids very much variegated; but now they make them rather of dark Colours, more like the Crops of Heath, that they may not be diſcovered while they lie in Heaths waiting for Game. Being rather wrapped up than covered with their Plaids, they endure all the Rigours of the Seaſons, and ſometimes ſleep covered all over with Snow. At home they lie upon the Ground, having under them Fern or Heath (covered with a Sheet or Blanket) the latter laid with the Roots undermoſt, ſo that it is almoſt as ſoft as Feathers, and much more healthful; for the Quality of Heath being to draw out ſuperfluous Humours, when they lay down weary and faint upon it at Night, they riſe freſh and vigorous in the Morning. They affect this hard way of Sleeping, and whenever they happen to come into Places where there is better Accommodation, they pull the Coverings off the Bed, and lie down upon them wrapped in their Plaids, leſt they ſhould be ſpoiled by what they call ſuch a *barbarous Effeminacy*.

The old *Scots* Language, call'd *Erſe*, has loſt ſo much Ground by the Spreading of the *Engliſh* in *Scotland*, ever ſince

ſince the *Norman* Conqueſt, that 'tis now confined to the Highlands, and the Iſles, where moſt of the People of Note do alſo underſtand and ſpeak *Engliſh*.

MR. *Mackay* tells us, that the Highlanders differ as much from the Lowlanders in their Dreſs, Manners, and Language, as the *Indians* of *Mexico* do from the *Spaniards*; that the old *Scots* Language is here ſpoken in its native Purity, and written in its genuine Characters, which are more like the *Greek* or *Hebrew* than the *Roman*; whereas the *Welſh*, tho' they have preſerved their Language, yet have intirely loſt their old Character, and write in the *Roman*.

'TIS preſumed that we cannot have a better Authority for what remains to be ſaid of the Nature of the Highlanders, whom *Tacitus* calls *Horeſti*, i. e. *Montani*, or *Mountaneers*, than the Account which is given of them by that eminent Antiquary, Sir *James Dalrimple*, Uncle to the late Earl of *Stair*, in his *Obſervations on* Cambden's *Britania*; and this we ſhall give our Readers in his own Words, *viz.*

'THE Inhabitants of theſe Regions, are a Kind of 'rude, warlike, quarrelſome, and miſchievous People; 'who being the unmix'd Progeny of the antient *Scots*, 'ſpeak *Iriſh*, and call themſelves *Albanick*. Their Bodies 'are firmly and compactly made, withal ſtrong and 'nimble of Foot, high-minded, bred in warlike Exer-'ciſes, and inured to Robberies on their Neighbours; and, 'upon a Hatred, moſt deſperately forward to take Re-'venge. They lived by Hunting, Fiſhing, Fowling, and 'Stealing; and, like the *Spaniards*, wear long Hair. 'They are divided into Kindreds and Families, which 'they call *Clans*, and are ſo united to the Cauſe of their 'particular Clans, that there is an Act of Parliament, 'that if any one of a Clan does a Miſchief, the whole Clan 'is anſwerable for it; and they muſt either deliver up the 'Aggreſſor, or the firſt Man that is apprehended ſuffers 'for it; and the whole Clan bears Feud for the Hurt 'received by any one Member of it, even altho' they 'ſuffer juſtly. Many Gentlemen in the Highlands ſhun 'one another's Company, leſt they ſhould revive a Quar-'rel that happen'd between their Fore-fathers, perhaps 'three hundred Years ago. They are always warm in 'their Friendſhips; for if they meet with one in Amity

'with

'with their own Clan, be it in any Country of the 'World, there is immediately the moſt intimate Friend-'ſhip. The *Macdonalds* are by much the moſt powerful 'of all the Clans: They are divided into four Claſſes, and 'inhabit diſtinct Countries. The *Macdonalds* of *Glengary* 'dwell upon the *Lockneſs*; the *Macdonalds* of *Slate*, in '*Lacheber* and the Iſle of *Skey*; the Captain of *Clan-Ro-'nald*, and *Macdonald* of *Keppoch*, and thoſe of *Kintyre*, 'towards *Argyleſhire*. The other Clans, *Clan-Katin*, '*Clan-Cameron*, the *Macleans*, and almoſt innumerable 'other *Macs*, altho' independent of one another, yet are 'entirely guided by the *Macdonalds*, who have been ſo 'powerful, as often to aſſume the Name of *Kings of the 'Iſles*; and one of them in 1461, according to Mr. Ry-'mer's *Fœdera*, enter'd into a League with *Edward* IV. 'of *England*. *Robert*, the firſt of the *Stuart* Kings of '*Scotland*, married his Daughter *Margaret* to *Macdonald*, 'Lord of the Iſle, to ſerve him in his Intereſt; but all 'would not do; they were the common Diſturbers of the 'Nation, till *James* V. privately with a Body of Men, 'took Shipping, and landed in every Clan and Iſland, and 'brought them in Perſon to his Obedience, making them 'give Hoſtages for their good Behaviour.'

BESIDES the Methods taken, as we have already men-tion'd, for reducing and reforming the Highlanders, 'tis proper juſt to take Notice of two or three Acts paſſed in the Reign of K. *George* I. which contributed, not a little, to that End.

[I] 1 *George*, Cap. 20. An Act for encouraging all Superiors, Vaſſals, Landlords and Tenants, who continue loyal to King *George*.

[II] 1 *George*, Cap. 54. An Act enjoining, That the perſonal Service and Attendance, which was wont to be the Heads of Clans, and Owners of Eſtates, at the Plea-ſure of ſuch Chiefs, under the Names of perſonal Atten-dance, Hoſting, Hunting, Watching, and Warding, ſhall be for the future paid in Money annually; and the ſaid perſonal Service, &c. ſhall be utterly annulled. This Act was farther enforced in the 11th of the ſame Reign, Cap. 26. on the Non-obſervance of the former by many of the contemptuous Highlanders.

[III] 1 *George*, Cap. 54. An Act for more effectual ſecuring the Highlands of *Scotland*, which enacted, That no Perſon within the ſaid Highlands, ſhall uſe or bear Broad-

Broad-ſwords or Target, Ponyard, Wingar, or Durk, Side-piſtol or Gun, or any warlike Weapon in the Fields, or in the Way to or from any Church, Market, Fair, Burial, Huntings, Meetings, *&c.* However, not to extend to Noblemen, Officers of Juſtices, or Commanders, having yearly 400 *l. Scots*, or who are otherwiſe qualified to vote at Elections for Parliament; allowing to every ſuch Commander two Firelocks, two Pair of Piſtols, and two Swords; and that the Magiſtrates of the Royal Burghs may keep Arms in Magazines.

THIS, I believe, is a very juſt Deſcription of the Highlanders, that is, ſuch as they were at and before the Time of the late Rebellion; but were then ſo entirely broken and ſubdued, that the Government has found but little Difficulty in taming their rough and ſavage Tempers, and in making them good and uſeful Subjects.

THE Clan *Cameron*, of which *Lochiel* was the Chief, was one of the moſt numerous and brave that then inhabited the Highlands of *Scotland*; but being ſtrongly attached to the *Stuart* Intereſt, have always appeared for the Pretender upon any Invaſion, or Commotions raiſed in that Kingdom in Favour of his Cauſe; and in the late Rebellion none of the Clans behaved more ſtrenuouſly, even to the laſt, for the young Chevalier, than the *Camerons*, who, with *Lochiel* their Chief at their Head, were the firſt in all the Battles and Skirmiſhes fought with the King's Troops, and were the laſt that retired out of the Field. Even after the Battle of *Culloden*, when the young Pretender's Affairs were ſo deſperate, that there was no Proſpect or viſible Means of retrieving them; when all the Clans were entirely broke and diſperſed, and a great part of them cut off and deſtroyed, the *Camerons* did not forſake him, but did all in their Power to put a better Face on his Affairs, protected him when purſued by his Enemies, and for a long while ſecreted him in inacceſſible Places in the Mountains.

AS Dr. *Cameron* was a Man of no Ambition, but of a quiet and eaſy Temper, the Reader muſt not expect to find him engaged in any notable Exploits; his only or chief Buſineſs in the Army being to attend his Brother *Lochiel*, and to aſſiſt him with his Skill if any Diſaſter ſhould happen to befal him in Battle. In order therefore to diverſify our Story, which would be very ſhort were it confined wholly to the Doctor, I have collected, from a little Tract publiſhed ſoon after the Rebellion, ſome diverting Anec-

dotes

dotes relating to this famous Family from which he is deſcended.

THE Family of *Camerons*, ſays my Author, is certainly very antient, and pretend a Settlement in that Country long before the *Iriſh* had any Poſſeſſions there, and diſclaim all Manner of Relation to them. *Lochiel*, their late Chief, boaſted, that ſome of his Anceſtors were ſettled there above ſeven hundred Years ago. But I preſume he could bring no Proof of this more than Tradition; ſince the Diviſion of Lands, and Settlement of Property by Writings (which were the only Methods of tracing the Antiquity of Families) did not commence till ſome Hundreds of Years after that Period. No Records nor Regiſters, nor Genealogies ſo antient, can at this Day be produced; nor was there any Sort of Learning cultivated among them, in thoſe Times, but what was found among the *Druids* and Poets, who were retained by Perſons of Figure to commemorate, in Verſes and Songs, the mighty Deeds of their Anceſtors; by which Means a ſort of traditionary Genealogy was handed from Father to Son. But other Vouchers they had none, till a Diviſion of Property was ſettled by Writings, in which the Names of the Poſſeſſors muſt neceſſarily be introduced, and ſo continued down in Order to Poſterity.

THESE Bards or poetical Genealogiſts, we may be ſure, never run the Hazard of their Patron's Favour, by rehearſing ſuch Deeds or Actions which might make a Blot in their Eſcutcheons; nothing which might ſeem to leſſen the lineal and inherent Virtues of the Family muſt be introduced: Their Buſineſs was to ſing Encomiums to their Heroes, and magnify and extol the great Atchievements of thoſe Worthies from whom their Patrons claimed their Deſcent; and therefore it is no Wonder if we find but little Truth, or have the greateſt Reaſon to ſuſpect the Veracity of ſuch of their Genealogies as are carried higher than the Time when Learning came more generally into Repute, and the Hiſtory of private Perſons as well as public Tranſactions, might be tranſmitted to Poſterity by the Means of Printing.

THERE is not a Family among the Clans, but whoſe Anceſtors were moſt of them Heroes, or Perſons who had arrived to the Tip-top of military Glory, at leaſt their Bards have repreſented them ſo, but none they have bedecked ſo egregiouſly as the Family of the *Camerons*, which they have ſo inveloped in Fable, that ſcarce the

the Glimmerings of Probability appear thro' the greateſt Part of the Story. It will therefore be to little Purpoſe to trace the Genealogy of his Family any higher than the firſt of the Name, who ſettled upon the Eſtate of *Lochiel*.

The firſt Man who was called by the Name of *Cameron*, was much renowned for his Feats in Arms, and his prodigious Strength; a Monument of which is ſtill remaining near *Acknacary*, the Seat of *Lochiel*; namely, a large Stone, of upwards of 500 Weight, which he could hoiſt from the Ground with a ſtrait Arm, and toſs it with as much Eaſe, as a Man does a Cricket-ball; a Plough-ſhare he could bend round his Leg like a Garter; and the ſtrongeſt Ropes were no more in his Hands than Twine-thread. In ſhort, he ſeems to have been a ſecond *Sampſon*; with this Difference only, that our *Cameron* ſeems not to have been ſo eaſily inveigled by the Women as the *Jew* was, nor did his Strength lie in his Hair.

This Man of Might was ſo conſcious of his Strength and Proweſs, that he thought no Man upon Earth was a Match for him, and accordingly entered the Liſts with the moſt famous Champions of that Age, nor was afraid to challenge the moſt renowned of them. In one of their Combats, it ſeems, his Antagoniſt handled him very roughly, and with a violent Blow of his Fiſt ſet his Noſe awry; for the Encounter was accidental, and conſequently both unarmed; for had they fought with Swords, he might have hew'd it quite off, but this blunt Blow only ſet it on one Side; yet ſo, as that it could never be recovered to its right Poſition. From this Accident he was always afterwards called *Cameron*, or, *The Knight of the wry Noſe*, as that Word imports in the *Highland* Language.

Our Hero was now arrived at the 35th Year of his Age, and had given many ſignal Proofs of his Valour, ſo that his Name became terrible all over the Country. But having little or no paternal Eſtate, he began to think it highly neceſſary for him to join himſelf to ſome great and powerful Family, the better to enable him to diſtinguiſh himſelf more eminently, than it was poſſible for him to do as a ſingle Man, without Friends or Relations, or at leaſt ſuch as were of little or no Account. He had ſpent his Life in the Shire of *Dumbarton*; but as he had no Family or Inheritance to incumber him, he reſolved

to try his Fortune in the World, and to go in Search of a Wife. He ſet out accordingly, and happened to light on that Part of the Country where *Lochiel*'s Eſtate now lies. Here he informed himſelf of the Character and Circumſtances of the Chief who reſided there, and underſtood that he was a Man of a large Eſtate, had a great Number of Friends and Dependants, and withal had a fair and excellent young Lady to his Daughter. This was a Foundation ſufficient for our wry-noſe Knight to build his Hopes and future Expectations upon. He ſoon made himſelf known to the Gentleman, whoſe Name was *M'Taviſh*, Baron of *Straborgig*; to whom having given an Account of himſelf and his Buſineſs (for his Fame was there before) he was kindly welcomed, and treated with all the Civilities imaginable. In ſhort, a Bargain was ſoon ſtruck for the Daughter, who was as well pleaſed as the Father, with the Offer of a Huſband ſo much to her Liking; for Strength of Body, vigorous and ſinewy Limbs, and undaunted Courage, were, in thoſe Days, the beſt Qualifications to recommend a Man to the Affections of a Lady.

The Baron of *Straborgig* was the more willing to marry his Daughter to our Knight, becauſe by this Alliance he ſhould get a brave bold Man to head his People againſt the Clan of *M'Donalds* of *Glengary*, who bordering on the *Lochiel*'s Eſtate, there were frequent Bickerings and Skirmiſhes between the two Clans; for in thoſe Days all Quarrels and Diſputes were decided by the Strength of the Arm, and the Edge of the Sword. Our Knight, whoſe Courage never flinch'd in the greateſt Dangers, led on his Men boldly, and fought many bloody Encounters with the *M'Donalds*, whoſe Chief he challenged to ſingle Combat; but *M'Donald* knowing his Antagoniſt was ſuperior to him in Strength, refuſed, but ſought it out with him in a pitched Battle, in which however he was worſted, and great Numbers of his People ſlain; and finding himſelf much weakened, and his Clan greatly diminiſhed ſince the Knight of the Wry-noſe became his Enemy, he propoſed a Compromiſe between the two Families; which was agreed to, and the Chiefs on both Sides met (each attended with a numerous Retinue, to prevent Surprize) in a certain Meadow that lay, as it were, between both Eſtates, and which both laid a Claim to. Here the Matters in Difference were ſolemnly and amicably debated;

and

and at length the Parties came to this Concluſion: That *M'Donald* ſhould, for him and his Heirs, for ever renounce all his Claim and Pretence of Right to ſuch a certain Diſtrict, containing about 500 Acres of Land, with all the Royalties, Privileges, and Prerogatives thereunto belonging and appertaining, the contending for which had occaſioned innumerable Feuds and Quarrels, and the Effuſion of a great deal of innocent Blood; this he ſolemnly aſſigned and made over to the Knight of the Wry-noſe, and his Heirs for ever.

This is the Story which the *Highland* Bards have recorded of this great Progenitor of the *Camerons*; and theſe are the Means, they tell us, by which he got Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate worth about 100 *l.* a Year. The Regiſters of this Family record likewiſe a long Succeſſion of great Men, who rendered themſelves famous by their military Exploits; but the Genealogy is ſo wrapped up in Fable and Romance, that a Relation of them would appear much in the ſame Light, as the Hiſtories of St. *George*, St. *Dennis*, *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, *John of Gaunt*, and other fabulous Heroes, wrote for the Diverſion and Amuſement of Children. Let it ſuffice to aſſure the Reader, that there has been a lineal Succeſſion of great Men in this Family; and that the Chief of the Houſe, for the time being, had always diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by ſome remarkable Actions and Atchievements, and had added either Glory or Enlargement to his Clan, down from the Knight of the Wry-noſe to *Lochiel* their late Repreſentative, the Brother of Dr. *Cameron*, the Subject of theſe Memoirs. It appears plainly enough, that they were always a powerful Clan; becauſe they have been ſo far from loſing or diminiſhing any Part of their Eſtate, that they have made great Additions to it in the Courſe of ſeveral Ages. Their Chiefs were likewiſe always careful to ſtrengthen their Intereſt with potent and honourable Alliances, by marrying their Children into the beſt Families in the Shires of *Argyle* and *Inverneſs*; and their Eſtate, which is reckoned at about 500 *l. per Ann.* is held in Vaſſalage, partly of the Duke of *Gordon*, and partly of the Duke of *Argyle*.

We come now to the more immediate Anceſtors of this Family; and we ſhall go no farther back than Sir *Hugh Cameron*, Grandfather of the late *Lochiel* and his Brother the Doctor, who was a ſtrenuous Partizan for

King *Charles* I. It is reported of him, that one Day, he and his Party being engag'd with a Detachment from *Cromwell*'s Army, he was thrown down by one of the *Engliſh* Soldiers, and diſarmed; but though Sir *Hugh* was at the Mercy of the Soldier, who might have taken his Life, but offer'd him Quarter, yet ſo ſtrong was his Antipathy to the very Name of an *Engliſhman*, that he ſcorn'd to accept it, and ſuddenly jumping up, ſeiz'd with his Teeth faſt hold of the Soldier's Throat, which he could not be forced from, 'till he had tore a Hole in the Fellow's Windpipe, and ſo kill'd him on the Spot.

Evan Cameron, his Son, imbib'd the ſame Averſion to the *Engliſh*, and carried it to as great Lengths in every Inſtance of his Life, or as often as Opportunity ſerv'd him to ſhew it; and he had ſo inſeparably attach'd himſelf to the Family of the *Stuarts*, that no Conſideration whatever could induce him to abandon that Party, or forſake their Intereſts. At the Revolution, no Man was a more zealous Aſſerter of the Rights of K. *James* than he, and was actually in Arms, and ſerv'd the Lord *Dundee*, who being defeated, *Evan* thought it highly neceſſary for him to leave his own Country, and retire to *France*, and reſided for many Years at the Court of St. *Germains*, ſubſiſting on a Penſion allow'd him by the *French* King; and when, by the Treaty of *Utrecht*, the Pretender was obliged to quit *France*, *Evan* follow'd him to *Avignon*, and was with him afterwards at *Rome*; though not always, as ſome of that Faction have been, but made his chief Reſidence at *Paris*. In the Year 1715, he came over to *Scotland* with the Pretender; but I can recollect nothing memorable of him in that Expedition; and he went back again with his Maſter to *France*.

When the late Rebellion broke out in 1745, he embark'd with the Chevalier in the Expedition to *Scotland*; where, though he was eighty Years of Age, he behaved with ſurprizing Activity, and bore all the Fatigues of that rough Campaign with uncommon Fortitude and Steadineſs, and ſat and managed his Horſe with a Gracefulneſs and Agility, ſcarce paralell'd by any Officer in the Rebel Army; however he loſt his Life at the Battle of *Culloden*, in Defence of his pretended Prince; and 'twas Pity his Courage and other good Qualities had not been employ'd in a better Cauſe.

During

During the old Gentleman's Reſidence at *Paris*, only his youngeſt Son the Doctor went to ſee him; and that not purpoſely, but as it were caſually: For the Doctor's Deſign in going to *Paris*, was, as before intimated, to improve himſelf in the Knowledge of Phyſick, and not to ſettle a Correſpondence or concert Meaſures with the diſaffected Party, in order to advance the Pretender's Intereſt. The Bent of his Genius led him to the Study of the Sciences, and the pacifick Temper of his Mind withheld him from engaging in the dangerous Enterprizes of Politicks. And therefore in viſiting his Father, he had no other View than to pay him that filial Duty which became him, without any Deſign of learning any of his political Principles.

As to *Lochiel*, the elder Son, he never was Abroad with his Father, but lived quietly at Home upon his Eſtate; he had not imbibed thoſe inveterate Principles againſt the *Engliſh* and the Royal Family, as his Predeceſſors had done, and never ſhewed any Inclination to diſturb the Government for the Sake of a foreign Intereſt; and, all Circumſtances conſidered and compared, we are pretty ſure, that he knew nothing of the intended Invaſion, till the young Pretender was actually landed in *Scotland*. For upon a Muſter of his whole Clan, they had not a hundred Stands of Arms among them all, and but few of them in a Condition for Uſe, nor had he any Proviſion to furniſh them with better. 'Tis true, when the Chevalier was actually landed, his Father ſent him expreſs Orders to raiſe the whole Clan immediately, and come with them to join the Pretender. *Lochiel* however was far from being ready to obey his Summons; he was ſenſible of the Riſque he run, not only in his Perſon, but his Eſtate; he conſider'd, that at preſent he lived very happily, unmoleſted and unenvied by any Body; but ſhould he comply with his Father's Requeſt, and the Enterprize ſhould miſcarry, he ſhould be utterly ruined without a Poſſibility of Redemption. Theſe Reaſons were ſtrong and cogent, and kept him a good while irreſolute, or rather firm to his Purpoſe of not meddling in ſo dangerous an Affair; and ſo continued, notwithſtanding all the Solicitations made to him to change his Mind, for the Space of ſix Weeks; the Chevalier and his Father were all that Time at the Houſe of *M'Donald* of *Kinloch Moidart*. At laſt the young Pretender himſelf came to his Houſe at *Achnacary*,

cary, with about fifty Perſons in his Retinue, together with old *Cameron* his Father. On their Arrival, the old Gentleman ſhew'd himſelf immediately to his Clan, who were greatly rejoiced to ſee their old Chief among them again; ſo that it was now next to impoſſible for young *Lochiel* to make any longer Reſiſtance; and in fine, he joined in their Meaſures, and he and his Father had the Command given them of the Clan, who were directly convocated and arm'd.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, the Clan of the *Camerons* were judg'd to conſiſt of about 800 fighting Men, fit to bear Arms, bold, ſtout Fellows, and train'd up in the Exerciſe of Arms: But what was more to their Praiſe, they were not ſo addicted to pilfering and robbing their Neighbours, which moſt of the other Clans in the *Highlands* were notorious for, particularly the *M^c Donalds*: For young *Lochiel* being a Man of Honour and Probity himſelf, took abundance of Pains, nor was his Brother the Doctor leſs aſſiduous in reforming the People of his Clan, and to infuſe into them true Notions of Juſtice and Honeſty. And as *Lochiel* was the chief Magiſtrate amongſt them, he puniſh'd their Exceſſes with a becoming Severity, and at the ſame Time endeavour'd to inculcate into them better Principles, and juſter Notions of Right and Wrong than they had hitherto learnt. So that though he was both beloved and feared by great Numbers of them, yet there were many who hated both him and his Brother, becauſe they would not ſuffer them to ſpoil and plunder their Neighbours, which was allow'd by moſt of the other Chiefs of the Clans; but *Lochiel* little regarded their Clamour on that Account; he knew his Authority was ſufficient to keep them in Subjection, and he gave himſelf no Trouble about any Thing they ſhould report againſt his Adminiſtration. What Pity it is that two Gentlemen of ſo much Worth, and who might have done excellent Service to their King and Country, ſhould be over-aw'd by their Father to rebel againſt both, and that too againſt their own Principles, and juſter Way of Thinking.

But tho' *Lochiel* was at length prevailed upon to ſet up the Chevalier's Standard, yet his Brother, the Doctor, could not for a good while be prevailed with to join in their Meaſures; nay, it was chiefly owing to his Remonſtances, that *Lochiel* ſo long withſtood the earneſt and conſtant

conſtant Solicitations of his Father and the Chevalier. But when *Lochiel* had once liſted himſelf in his Service, his Honour was ſo deeply engaged, that no Arguments or Perſuaſions could prevail with him to deſiſt. But when he had muſtered his Clan, and ſet up his Standard, he found that his Brother had left him in Diſguſt. This gave him a good deal of Diſquietude; for he could not bear the Thought, that one ſo nearly related to him, ſhould have a ſeparate Intereſt. Upon which he ſent a Meſſenger to him with an Order, requiring his immediate Attendance. The Doctor obeyed, but could not ſo eaſily be wrought upon to concur in his Brother's new Schemes. He remonſtrated, in the ſtrongeſt Terms, upon the unſurmountable Obſtacles that he foreſaw would attend the Undertaking, and the terrible Conſequences of a Miſcarriage. *Lochiel*, however, would take no Denial, telling him, that he did not want the Aſſiſtance of his Sword, or his Valour, but only deſired he would attend him as his Companion, that he might always have the Advantage of his Advice and Skill, in caſe the Fortune of War ſhould render either of them neceſſary. The Doctor, how ill ſoever he thought of the Cauſe, yet his Affection for his Brother, and the many ſignal Obligations he lay under to him, at length prevailed over all other Conſiderations, and he ſubmitted to ſhare his Brother's Fate, whatever it ſhould be.

But tho' the Doctor was, with great Reluctance, and in a Manner forced to join his Brother's Meaſures, yet he abſolutely refuſed to accept of any Commiſſion in the Army; neither did he act there, as ever I could learn, in any other Quality than as a Phyſician. He was perfectly unacquainted with the military Art, and therefore wholly unqualified to give his Advice, or even his Vote in Council, upon any Operations that were propos'd by the Chiefs or general Officers. Yet, as he was always among them, it is ſuppos'd, at leaſt in the Eye of the Law, that he countenanced, encourag'd, and, as much as it was in his Power, aſſiſted the Rebels, in all their Outrages againſt the Government.

Dr. *Cameron* was of ſo humane a Diſpoſition, that if Credit may be given to general Report, when any wounded Priſoners were brought to him, he was as aſſiduous in his Care of them, as if they had fought in the Cauſe he eſpouſed; and 'tis affirmed, that he never refus'd his Aſſiſtance

Aſſiſtance to any one that aſk'd it, whether Friend or Foe.

The Chevalier having increas'd his Army to about 2000, march'd forward, in order to enter upon Action, and advanced to *Corryerroig*, a Hill about ſix Miles from Fort *Auguſtus*, and being inform'd that General *Cope* was coming to attack him, waited for him with a Reſolution to hazard a Battle, if the Enemy was in the ſame Humour. The General, however, either diſtruſting his own Strength, or for ſome other Reaſon, beſt known to himſelf, march'd forward to *Aberdeen*, where he embark'd his Army on Board ſome Ships, which tranſported it to *Dunbar*, the neareſt and beſt Place for landing on the South Side of the *Firth*, and there diſembark'd.

The Chevalier, perceiving the Enemy had left him, put his Army in Motion, and directed his March to *Perth*, of which he took Poſſeſſion, where his Father was proclaim'd King, and himſelf Regent of *Scotland*. Here he was join'd by ſeveral more of the Clans. After ſome Stay, he decamp'd from *Perth*, and proceeded in his March, till he approach'd *Edinburgh*; of which City he ſoon got Poſſeſſion: But by what Means, and of his Behaviour there, and afterwards, we muſt refer the Reader to the Annals of that Time, it not being our Deſign to write a Hiſtory of the Rebellion, but only to relate ſuch Paſſages and Tranſactions of it, wherein *Lochiel* or his Brother had ſome Concern.

The Chevalier having, with very little Trouble, got Poſſeſſion of *Edinburgh*, it was not long before he was inform'd, that General *Cope* was on the March to attack him. Upon which News he led out his Army to meet and fight him. Accordingly Battle was joined at a Place called *Preſton-Pans*, which proved fatal to the Royaliſts. Juſt as the Army was marching to the Attack, the Chevalier appeared at their Head, very alert, and ready to lead them to the Onſet. *Lochiel*, however, who had a very great Reſpect and Eſteem for him, earneſtly entreated him to forbear expoſing his Perſon, and adviſed him to take his Stand upon a riſing Ground, under the Guard of a Party, from whence he might ſend his Orders to any Part of the Army during the Engagement, as he ſhould ſee Occaſion; for if any Misfortune ſhould befal him, they were all ruined to a Man; and that too much depended on his Safety, to hazard his Perſon without more apparent

apparent Neceſſity than there was; which Advice the Chevalier follow'd, and retired with a Party to a high Field to the South-weſt of *Seatoun*.

The Chevalier, after the Advantage gain'd at *Preſtonpans*, march'd his Army into *England*; but as during that whole Expedition, ſcarce any remarkable Action happen'd, beſides plundering defenceleſs Towns, *Lochiel* had no Opportunity to diſtinguiſh himſelf, till his Return into *Scotland*. At the Battle of *Falkirk*, he, at the Head of his *Camerons*, vigorouſly attack'd the King's Troops, and very much contributed to turn the Fortune of the Day; but in the Heat of the Action, was wounded by a Muſket-ball in his Leg; which being obſerv'd by his Brother the Doctor, who always kept near his Perſon, he begg'd him to retire to have it dreſs'd; which he accordingly did; but as the Doctor was lending him his Aſſiſtance, he himſelf receiv'd a ſlight Wound.

ON the Duke of *Cumberland*'s Arrival in *Scotland*, the Chevalier retired further North, and took up his Head Quarters at *Inverneſs*; from whence he ſent out Parties to ſkirmiſh with the Royaliſts; and many Encounters happen'd between them with various Succeſs. During theſe Hoſtilities, an Opportunity fell out, which gave *Lochiel* an Occaſion to diſcover the Generoſity of his Sentiments, and his Abhorrence to Cruelties of all Kinds. Thus it was.

THE *Campbels* having, all along, exerted themſelves very ſtrenuouſly in Behalf of the Government, had thereby exceedingly exaſperated the Rebels, but eſpecially *Cameron* of *Lochiel*, and *Alexander Macdonald* of *Keppoch*. Theſe two Gentlemen wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Stewart* of *Invernakel*, dated *Glenturs*, *March* 20. 1746.

SIR,

YESTERNIGHT we receiv'd a Letter from *Clunie*, giving an Account of the Succeſs of the Party ſent by his R---- H---- (the *Chevalier*) under the Command of the Lord *George Murray*, to *Athol*; a Copy of which Letter we thought proper to ſend you incloſed; as you happen, for the preſent, to lie contiguous to the *Campbels*, 'tis our ſpecial Deſire, that you inſtantly communicate to *Airds* the Sheriff, and other leading Men among them, our Sentiments, (which God willing, we are determined to execute) by tranſmitting this our Letter, and the incloſed Copy, to any the neareſt to you.

IT is our Opinion, that, of all Men in *Scotland*, the *Campels* had the leaſt Reaſon of any, to engage in the preſent War againſt his R---- H-----'s Intereſt, conſidering they have always appear'd in Oppoſition to the R----- Family ſince the Reign of *James* VI. and have been guilty of ſo many Acts of Rebellion and Barbarity during that Time, that no injur'd Prince but would endeavour to reſent it, when God was ever pleaſed to put the Power in his Hands. Yet his preſent M----y, and his R--- H------ the Prince Regent, were graciouſly pleaſed, by their reſpective Declarations, to forgive all paſt Miſcarriages to the moſt virulent and inveterate Enemy, and even bury them in Oblivion, provided they returned to their Allegiance; and tho' they ſhould not appear perſonally in Arms, in Support of their P------'s Cauſe, yet their ſtanding Neuter would entitle them to the good Graces of their injur'd Sovereign. But in Spight of all the Lenity and Clemency, that a Prince could ſhew or promiſe, the *Campbels* have openly appear'd, with their wonted Zeal for Rebellion and Uſurpation, in a moſt officious Manner, nor could we ever form a Thought to ourſelves, that any Men, endow'd with Reaſon and common Senſe, would uſe their Fellow-Creatures with that Inhumanity and Barbarity, as they do; and of which we have daily Proofs by their burning of Houſes, ſtripping of Women and Children, expoſing them to the open Fields, and the Severity of the Weather, burning of Corn, houghing (*ham-ſtringing*) of Cattle, and killing of Horſes. To enumerate the Whole, would be too tedious at this Time. They muſt naturally reflect that we cannot but look upon ſuch Cruelties with Horror and Deteſtation, and, with Hearts full of Revenge, will certainly endeavour to make Repriſals; and we are determined to apply to his R---- H----- for Leave and an Order to enter their Country, with full Power to act at Diſcretion; and if we are lucky enough to obtain it, we ſhall ſhew, that we are not to make War againſt Women, and the Brute Creation, but againſt Men; and as God was pleaſed to put ſo many of them in our Hands, we hope to prevail with his R---- H----- to hang a *Campbel* for every Houſe that ſhall hereafter be burnt by them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many ſcandalous and malicious Aſperſions, induſtrouſly contrived by our Enemies, they could never, ſince the Commencement of the War, impeach us with any Acts of Hoſtility, that had the leaſt

Tendency

Tendency to ſuch a Cruelty, tho' we had it in our Power, if barbarous enough to execute it.

WHEN Courage fails againſt Men, it betrays Cowardiſe to a great Degree, to vent the Spleen againſt Brutes, Houſes, Women, and Children, that cannot reſiſt. We are not ignorant of their villainous Intentions, by the intercepted Letter from the Sheriff *Airds*, &c. which plainly diſcovers, that it was by their Application, that their General *Cumberland* granted Orders for burning, *&c.* which he could not be anſwerable for to the *Britiſh* Parliament, being moſt certain, that ſuch Barbarity could never be countenanced by any Chriſtian Senete,

(Sign'd) DONALD CAMERON, of *Lochiel.*
ALEX. MAC DONNELL of *Keppoch.*

I CANNOT omit taking Notice, that my People have been the firſt that have felt the cowardly Barbarity of my pretended *Campbel* Friends; I ſhall deſire to live, to have an Opportunity of thanking them for it in the open Field.

(Sign'd) DONALD CAMERON.

THE Battle of *Culloden*, which put a final Period to the Rebellion, and all the Pretender's Hopes of ſitting on the *Britiſh* Throne, was likewiſe fatal to vaſt Numbers of his Followers and Adherents; Multitudes of whoſe Carcaſes ſpread the bloody Field; and they that eſcaped, were but reſerved to ſuffer infinite Difficulties and Hazards. The *Camerons* behaved with their uſual Bravery, and *Lochiel* their chief was ſorely wounded in the Ankle. Being overpowered and obliged to retire before his Enemy, he was cloſely attended by his Brother the Doctor, who dreſſed, and took all imaginable Care of his Wound, till it was healed. The next Day, *Lochiel* marched with his Clan to the Side of a Hill, where he drew them up, and ordered the Pipes to play all the following Night, ſuch Tune as he knew, would beſt divert and amuſe them in their preſent melancholy Circumſtances. The next Morning, finding there was no Likelihood of his being joined by any conſiderable Force, and that there was no Subſiſtence for his Troops, marched away for *Lochabar*, along thoſe Hills that ſeparate that County from *Badenoch*, and in two Days came to *Glengary*, where he found his unhappy Maſ-

ter, whoſe Grief was renewed on the Sight of his Friend *Lochiel*, and ſo many miſerable Objects with him; *Lochiel* himſelf dangerouſly wounded in the Ankle, and hardly able to travel, and a great Part of his Men in no better, many of them in a much worſe Condition, tho' Dr. *Cameron* did all in his Power to relieve them in their Miſery. Nothing was heard among them but Lamentations for their Miſcarriage, and their preſent Miſery and Diſtreſs, Groans uttered from a Senſe of their aking Wounds; and many ready to drop under the Weight of their own Bodies, thro' Fatigue and Want of Refreſhment. This was a Heart-breaking Sight to the Chevalier, who was leſs able to bear the Misfortunes of others than he was his own.

BUT nothing could exceed the Love of the *Camerons* for their *Lochiel*, unleſs it was that of the *Macdonalds* for their *Keppoch*: For being wounded in the very Height and Fury of the Battle, two of them took hold of his Legs, a third ſupported his Head, while the Reſt poſted themſelves round him as an impregnable Bulwark; and in that Manner carried him from the Field, over the ſmall River *Nairn*, to a Place of Safety.

GLENGARY having refreſhed his Gueſts with Butter, Cheeſe, Milk, and Uſquebaugh (a favourite Liquor among the Highlanders) the Chevalier held a Council of War with his Officers, wherein it was moved, to ſet up a Standard near that Place, and iſſue out Orders for the diſperſed Troops to repair to it. This Propoſal was agreed to by ſome who thought it was the beſt Method they could take, to ſecure themſelves from being taken by the Enemy, as they certainly would be, in Caſe they were to ſeparate, or wander about in ſmall Parties. The Chevalier, however, truely informed them, that he had no more Money to give them; and therefore, unleſs they were able to force the Royaliſts in their Camp, they would run the utmoſt Hazard of having their Subſiſtence cut off. *Sullivan* and *Sherridan* ſpoke on the ſame Side, and expatiated on the Madneſs and Folly of ſuch a Project. However, to keep their Fidelity and Conſtancy to their Maſter unſhaken, theſe two Gentlemen aſſured them, that, upon their certain Knowledge, there were large Supplies of Men and Money, at that Inſtant, coming to them from *France*, and expected every Day, which would undoubtedly give a very favourable Turn to their Maſter's Affairs.

AT length after much Debate, it was agreed, that the *Camerons* ſhould keep in a Body, and march together to *Achnacary*,

Achnacory, *Lochiel*'s Seat, on the Road to *Fort-William*, and about nine Miles from it; where, by their patrolling Parties, they might obſerve the Motions of the Royaliſts; while the Chevalier, with the Corps under him, performed the ſame Service upon the Quarter toward *Inverneſs*.

PURSUANT to this Reſolution, *Lochiel* with his *Camerons* marched away for *Achnacary*; and the firſt Thing they did, on their Arrival there, was, to ſecure their beſt Effects in the Woods, and ſubterraneous Caverns, of which there were many in that Part of the Country; and conſidering how ſoon the Royaliſts might deprive them of their Cattle, they killed and fed upon them in a very plentiful Manner.

IN the mean Time, ſeveral of the broken Corps and Straglers, that had hid themſelves from the Fury of the Enemy, ſome half dead with their Wounds, and all near famiſhed for Want of Nouriſhment, were continually coming in, and gave diſmal Accounts, tho' often at the Expence of Truth, of the Cruelty of the Royaliſts: For, I believe, it will be allowed, that never was leſs Barbarity ſhewn on the like Occaſion, as might be undeniably proved from Hiſtory. The Chevalier was extremely affected at the piteous and lamentable Accounts they gave, and uſually ſaid, 'I am ſorry to have brought any ſuch Hardſhips upon this 'poor People; and the beſt Way to prevent the like for 'the Future, is to give over all further Attempts; for 'our Cauſe is now deſperate, and would to God I had 'died in the Field!' The Duke of *Perth*, however, and 'the other Noblemen, being willing to diſſipate his Me'lancholy and relieve his Spirits, propoſed a Hunting-'Match: For, ſaid they, by this Means we may better 'eſcape the Search of the Troops, if advancing towards us, 'or perhaps they may paſs by us, as Gentlemen only tak-'ing their Diverſion:' This was agreed to, and they diverted themſelves in this Manner for ſome Days, when they were informed of the March of General *Campbel*, with a large Body of the *Argyleſhire* Militia from *Inverneſs*. Upon which the Chevalier, with the Chiefs who were with him, *Sullivan* and *Sherridan*, and about forty others, marched away to *Achnacary*, where they found *Lochiel*, who was then under the Care of Dr. *Cameron* his Brother, for the Cure of his Wounds. *Lochiel* no ſooner ſaw them, but preſently gueſſing the Truth, haſtily aſked the Chevalier, what Body of the Royaliſts it was that they had retired from? 'The *Campbels*, ſaid he, and added, And by this

Time,

'Time, I believe, they are at *Glengary*, for they ſet out 'Yeſterday from *Inverneſs*.' 'I thought ſo, anſwered '*Lochiel*; for thoſe Men would, ſurely, not be the laſt to 'the ruining of us, as they have done many other brave 'and loyal Clans.' The Chevalier, upon hearing this, would have gone away directly, had not *Lochiel* aſſured him, that the *Campbels* would be very careful to deſolate the Places through which they paſſed. 'Conſider, ſaid he, 'that *Stratherrick* and *Glengary* lie betwixt them and me, 'and theſe to be ſure, they will ſift e're they come to this 'Place.' He was ſo far right in his Conjecture, that tho' they behaved civilly enough in the Places where they came, yet they made a very ſtrict Search all over *Stratherrick* for Lord *Lovat*, who had left his Abode about two Hours after the Chevalier had taken his Leave of him.

THE Chevalier being prevailed upon by *Lochiel*'s Arguments, ſat down to Table, which was plentifully ſpread with Proviſions of all Sorts, and Wine, and other Liquors in Abundance, which the Highlanders get, at a very cheap Rate, from *France*; for there being no Officers of Exciſe in thoſe Parts, except at *Fort-William*, where there is a Garriſon, prodigious Quantities of Liquors are run upon that Coaſt, in Exchange for their Cattle, which they ſlaughter and barrel up for that Purpoſe:

LOCHIEL, however miſtaken in his political Notions, was, as hath been before obſerved, a Gentleman of ſtrict Honour, and inviolably attached to the Chevalier's Intereſt; with him, therefore, he conſulted, what was beſt to be done in this Emergency. Some adviſed to fight the *Campbels* as ſoon as they came up; others diſapproved that Propoſal, as it would farther enrage the Enemy, weaken themſelves and furniſh the *Campbels* with Pretences to diſpoſſeſs them of their Goods and Chattels, which they would enjoy as a Reward of their Service. After much Debate, it was concluded to ſculk about in a Body, till the promiſed Succours from *France* arrived. 'But, ſaid *Lochiel*, ſince 'the Enemy is ſo very near us, let us live as well as poſſible 'in the mean Time, leſt thoſe come to take up our Goods, 'who will give us little or no Thanks for them. Mean 'while my Clan may be driving their Cattle to the ſecureſt 'Places, and my Servants concealing my moſt valuable 'Effects.'

THE *Camerons* took his Advice, and drove their Cattle into Places of the greateſt Safety, and then went down

Morvan

Morvain, and drew themſelves into a Body, as by their Chief they were directed. In the mean Time his Servants buried his Plate, and beſt Furniture in the Caves and Hollows that were about his Houſe; which being done, and the Enemy approaching, the whole Company left the Houſe, which was ſoon afterwards burnt down to the Ground.

SOME Time after, a Party of Brigadier *Houghton's* Regiment coming to *Acknacary*, and finding every Thing deſolated and deſtroy'd, and Nobody to be ſeen, ſearch'd for the Treaſure, which, they ſuppoſed, might be hid thereabouts; but, probably would have loſt their Labour, had they not ſpied the Gardener, who being anxious for the Safety of his Maſter's Effects, lurk'd about the Place. Him they ſecured and examined; but on his pretending Ignorance, they tied him to two Halberts, and laſhed him on the naked Back with Rods, till the Smart forced him to diſcover the Place of Concealment, where they found the hidden Treaſure, and then diſmiſs'd the Man to his Maſter to acquaint him with what he had ſeen and ſuffered.

IN the mean Time, *Lochiel*, with the Chevalier and his Retinue, having left *Achnacary*, were come to the Green of *Keppoch*, and took up his Lodgings in that Chief's Houſe; where he was no ſooner arriv'd, but his Ears were pierced with the Cries and Lamentations of a widow and ſix fatherleſs Children; for *Keppoch* was dead of the wounds he received at the Battle of *Culloden*, and his Clan were juſt return'd from the Funeral of their Maſter. This mournful Scene afflicted the Chevalier to the very Soul, and melted his whole Retinue into Tears. *Lochiel* however, and the two *Iriſh* Favourites, endeavour'd to argue him into a better Senſe of Things, and ſaid, it was below the Dignity of a Man, and unworthyof a Chriſtian, to indulge an Exceſs of Grief in the Day of Adverſity. and the Chevalier, recollecting his ſcatter'd Spirits, ſaid, 'We muſt 'act and not mourn; and I think it is proper, that theſe 'People (pointing to the *Macdonalds* of *Keppoch*) ſhould 'join with the *Camerons*, and keep in a Body, till an Op'portunity offers, either of making Head againſt the Uſur'per's Forces, or elſe getting over to *France*, where I ſhall 'be ſure to get them incorporated with the *Scots* and *Iriſh* 'Regiments in the Pay of that Crown.' This Propoſal was approved; and after the whole Company had refreſh'd themſelves with a plentiful Dinner, the Servants of *Keppoch*

were

were ordered to carry away and ſecrete the moſt valuable Effects in the Houſe, which they did ſo effectually, that the Royaliſts could never find them, tho' the Houſe was burnt to the Ground.

THE Chevalier and his Chiefs, in the mean while, held a freſh Conſultation, in which they came to the following Reſolution. 'That *Lochiel*, with the *Camerons* and *Macdonalds*, ſhould keep in a Body, and favour any Landings from *France*, while the Chevalier, with his Favourites, *Sullivan*, *Sheridan*, and others, were to traverſe the Iſle, and endeavour to raiſe ſuch a Force, as with the Succour from abroad, might enable him to make a Stand.' The next Morning they ſet out for *Glenphillin*, where, at his firſt Landing, the *Camerons* erected his Standard. Here they made a Cave the place of their Reſidence, placed at proper Diſtances, for Six Miles round. They were provided with every Thing for the Support of Life; but the Chevalier being uneaſy in his Mind, after three Days Abode there, ſet out for the Iſles.

IMMEDIATELY after the Battle of *Culloden*, the Duke of *Cumberland* iſſued a Proclamation, promiſing Mercy to thoſe who peaceably ſubſiſted, and threatening Vengeance to thoſe that were refractory; which had ſuch an Effect, that great Numbers laid down their Arms, and were ſent quietly to their own Homes. So that by the 20th of *May*, moſt of the Clans, together with many of their Chiefs, had embraced the Duke's Terms; and ſcarce any continued in Arms, except the *Camerons*, ſome of the *Macdonalds* of *Keppoch*, and *John Roy Steuart*.

Lochiel remained a conſiderable Time in the Cave, while the Chevalier wandered up and down the Country, ſuffering many Evils, and in continual Danger of falling into the Hands of his Enemies; yet ſtill looking out for ſome *French* Ship that might carry him away. At length a ſmall Schooner of about 18 or 20 Tons, arrived in the Harbour of *Flota*, in the Iſle of *South Uiſt*, where the Chevalier, his Friend *Lochiel*, and Dr. *Cameron* happen'd then to be. In this Veſſel they joyfully embark'd, and the next Morning, which was *September* 17, they ſet Sail for *Bologn*, where, after a quick Paſſage, they ſafely arrived, to the Surprize of their Friends, and their own great Satisfaction.

Lochiel had immediately a Regiment given him in the *French* Army, and the Doctor was made Phyſician to the ſame, and ſo continued to the Death of his Brother, which

which happen'd in *September* 1748. After this, he was Phyſician to the Lord *Ogilvie*'s Regiment; now quartered at *Liſle*.

ABOUT three Years ago a Collection was made among thoſe who were Friends to the Pretender's Cauſe, for the Support of his unhappy Adherents Abroad. Dr. *Cameron* then came over to *England* to receive a Part of thoſe Contributions. Another Collection has been ſet on Foot for the ſame Purpoſe, and the Doctor made Inſtances to his Friends here in *England*, for a Part in the ſame; repreſenting by his Letters that his Pay in the Army was not ſufficient to ſupport him and his numerous Family. But after many Sollicitations, not receiving any ſatisfactory Anſwer, came over himſelf; and this was the Buſineſs that brought him to *Scotland*, when he was diſcovered and brought to *London*. The Manner of his Apprehenſion we are well aſſured was as follows:

ON *Monday March* 26, Dr. *Cameron*, Brother to *Lochiel*, who was engaged in the laſt Rebellion, and attainted, was brought Priſoner to the Caſtle of *Edinburgh*; he was taken by a Party of Lord *George Beauclerk*'s Regiment, who was detached from the Fort at *Inverſnaid* in Search of him; this Detachment was commanded by one Capt. *Graven*: They had Information of the Houſe where he was to ſtay ſome Days, but in their March to it, were obliged to paſs through two ſmall Villages; at the End of the firſt they ſaw a little Girl, who, as ſoon as ſhe perceived Soldiers, ran as faſt as ſhe could; a Serjeant and two or three Men purſued her, but ſhe reached the other Village before they could overtake her; and there ſhe ſent off a Boy, who ſeemed to be placed there to give Intelligence of the Approach of the Soldiers. The Soldiers then purſued the Boy, but finding they were not able to come up with him, the Serjeant called out to his Men to preſent their Pieces, as if they intended to ſhoot him: The Boy on this, turning round, begg'd his Life; they ſecured him, and then went to the Houſe where the Doctor was, which they beſet on all Sides. The Diſpoſition the Captain made was admirable; he with ſome of his Men marched up to the Front of the Houſe, but was ſoon diſcovered from the Window, where he was immediately ſecured by the Serjeant before-mentioned, who was placed there, as the Cap-

tain very judiciouſly ſuſpected the Doctor might attempt an Eſcape from that Part of the Houſe.

When he was brought to the Caſtle here, the Lord Juſtice *Clark*, went to him and told him, " You are the only Man in your Circumſtances, that ever I had Occaſion to ſpeak to, (ſince I have been engaged in Buſineſs) whoſe Anſwer to me could be of no Prejudice to him. Becauſe you are to be carried to *London*, and there are Witneſſes ready to appear againſt you at the Court of King's Bench, to prove that you are the identical Doctor *Cameron* mentioned in the Bill of Attainder; this, Sir, will condemn you, and you are to have no further Trial, " This ſtruck him, and after ſome Pauſe, he replied, " That he did not come over with a political Deſign, but only to tranſact ſome Affairs relating to *Lochiel*'s Eſtate."

AMONG other Methods which the Parliament took to extinguiſh the Pretender's Hopes for the future, they made anAct to attaint ſeveral eminent Perſons among the Rebels, in Caſe they did not ſurrender themſelves to the Government by a Day appointed. None of them, however, that were therein mentioned, came in or ſurrender'd, except Secretary *Murray*, who thought to merit the Favour of the Government by becoming Evidence againſt Lord *Lovat*. Dr. *Cameron* was unhappily in the ſame Liſt, and conſequently liable to the Penalty of the Statute whenever he ſhould be taken in the Realms.

AFTER Dr. *Cameron* had been ſome Time a Priſoner in *Edinburgh* Caſtle, he was convey'd to *London*; and after his Arrival, was examined before the Council at the *Cockpit*, where he diſowned himſelf to be the identical Perſon mentioned in the Bill of Attainder, which obliged the Secretaries to look out for ſome of thoſe Witneſſes, who had given Evidence at the Trials of the Rebels in 1746.

THURSDAY Morning, *May* 17, Dr. *Cameron* was carried from the Tower (attended by ſeveral of the Warders and a Party of the Guards) to the Court of King's-Bench, and there arraign'd upon the Act of Attainder paſſed againſt him and others, for being in the late Rebellion, and not ſurrendering in due Time: The four Judges were on the Bench; and the Priſoner not being deſirous to give the Court any Trouble, readily acknowledged himſelf to be the identical Perſon; whereupon, after due Deliberation, the Lord Chief Juſtice *Lee* pronounced the following moving

ing Sentence; 'You *Archibald Cameron* of *Lochiel*, in that 'Part of *Great Britain* called *Scotland*, muſt be removed 'from hence to his Majeſty's Priſon of the Tower of *Lon-* 'din, from whence you came, and on *Thurſday* the 7th of 'June next your Body to be drawn on a Sledge to the 'Place of Execution, there to be hanged, not till you are 'dead; your Bowels to be taken out, your Body quar- 'tered, and your Head cut off, and affixed at the King's 'Diſpoſal, and the Lord have Mercy on your Soul.' On receiving the Sentence, he made a genteel Bow, and only deſired he might have Leave to ſend for his Wife, who with ſeven Children, entirely dependant on him for Support, are now at *Liſle* in *Flanders*, which was granted. He ſaid, that in 1746, he came from *France* to ſurrender himſelf, agreeable to the Proclamation, but was prevented by an Accident happening in his Family. He behaved with great Reſolution before the Court, and anſwered to every Queſtion with a becoming Decency.

DURING the Interval between the Sentence and his Execution, his Wife uſed all poſſible Means to obtain a Pardon, by delivering a Petition to his Majeſty, another to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, and to ſeveral of the Nobility; but without Effect: For on *Thurſday*, *June* 7th he was conveyed in a Hurdle from the Tower, to *Tyburn*, and there executed agreeable to his Sentence. His Behaviour was all along firm and intrepid, yet decent and ſolid, and becoming a Man who expected, yet feared not, the Stroke of Death.

ON *Wedneſday*, Orders were ſent to the *Tower* that the Gates ſhould be ſhut at Six o'Clock in the Evening, and no Perſons whatever admitted thro' after that Hour, to prevent any Attempts that might be made to favour his Eſcape.

As ſoon as his Wife arrived from *Flanders*, ſhe immediately repaired to her Huſband in the Tower, who received her with all that Tenderneſs and Affection, which the Greatneſs and Solemnity of the Occaſion could inſpire. The Grief and Anguiſh of her Soul is much more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. She came to take her laſt Farewel of him, who, by all the Ties of mutual Affection, was dearer to her than all the World. And as an Aggravation to her Affliction, ſhe not only ſaw herſelf about to be deprived of an affectionate Huſband, but to be left deſtitute

of

of a Support for herſelf, and her numerous Family. Their Children, the dear Pledges of their Loves, muſt now be expoſed to all the Neceſſities and Caſualties of Life, without the Patronage of a kind and indulgent Father to have recourſe to for Advice and Aſſiſtance. The Conſideration of this Train of Evils, now haſtening upon her, made ſuch a ſtrong Impreſſion on her Mind, as to force a Flood of Tears from her mournful Eyes. The Doctor comforted her as well as he could, and deſired her to uſe all the Means in her Power to ſave his Life, which was to preſent a Petition in his Favour to his Majeſty, who, perhaps, might be prevailed upon to ſave him.

In the Morning of hiis Execution, ſhe took her laſt Leave of him, indeed it was a very mournful one, and melted thoſe who ſaw it into Tears. The Exceſs of her Grief has ſo affected her Senſes, that ſhe is now diſtracted; ſo great was her Love for her Huſband, and ſo intenſe her Sorrow for his ſad Cataſtrophe.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, the Doctor put himſelf in a Readineſs to receive the Sheriff and thoſe who were ſent to conduct him to his Execution. Accordingly, about Ten o'Clock he was brought out of the *Tower*, by a Party of the Horſe Guards who delivered him to the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middleſex* as ſoon as he was come without the *Tower-Gate*. He was then put into the Hurdle, to which he was faſtened by the Executioner. In this Manner he was drawn thro' the City, attended by Sir *Richard Glynn*, one of the Sheriffs, and under the Care of the Sheriff's-Officers and Conſtables, to the Place of Execution. Sir *Charles Aſgill*, left the Priſoner at the *Tower*, and Sir *Richard Glynn* followed the Sledge from the *Tower*, in his Chariot, to *Tyburn*.

The Doctor was dreſſed in a light coloured Coat, red Waiſtcoat and Breeches, and new Bag-wig. In his Paſſage thro' the Streets, he was obſerved to look about, as if in Admiration of the vaſt Multitude of Spectators that crouded the Streets, Windows, and Balconies to ſee him paſs, and bowed to ſeveral Perſons; about Twelve o'Clock he arrived at the Place of Execution.

Being arrived at the Place of Execution, and helped into the Cart, he deſired to ſpeak with the Sheriff; who being come to him, the Doctor entreated the Favour of him, that he would give Orders to his Officers to let his Body hang till he was quite dead, before the Executioner begun

begun his further Operation. The Sheriff promiſed to oblige him in his Requeſt; and accordingly the Body was permitted to hang full three Quarters of an Hour, and was not cut down before it was very certain, that no Life was remaining in him.

HE had likewiſe ſome Diſcourſe with the Executioner about the Diſpoſal of his Body after Execution was performed, which he deſired might be decently put in a Coffin, and conveyed to Mr. *Stephenſon*'s the Undertaker, and that his Cloaths might be given to his Friends, in lieu of which, that he might not loſe his uſual Perquiſite, he bid him take what Money was in his Pockets.

WHILE he was in the Cart, a Gentleman, in a Lay-Habit, came to him, and pray'd with him for about a Quarter of an Hour, and then left him to his private Devotions. From this Incident, the Spectators imagined that the Doctor was a *Roman Catholick*, and that the Gentleman who pray'd with him, was a Prieſt

BUT whatever his Religion was, he died with great Steadineſs, Conſtancy, and Reſolution, without any viſible Alteration in his Countenance or Behaviour; but perfectly reſign'd to the Will of Heaven, and chearfully acquieſcing with the Sentence which the Laws of his Country had paſſed upon him.

HE made no publick Profeſſion of his Faith, nor declared what Religion he was of; nor did he addreſs the People in a Speech; nor did he give any Letters or Papers to the Sheriff, or any other Gentleman preſent at the Execution: So that if any Thing of this Kind ſhould hereafter be publiſh'd, we may look upon it as ſpurious.

HIS Body being taken down from the Gallows, the Executioner cut off the Head, and took out the Bowels, but did not quarter the Body. His Body and Head were put into a Coffin, with this Inſcription upon it, Dr. *Archibald Cameron*, Suffer'd the 7th of *June*, 1753, Aged 46. A Hearſe convey'd it to Mr. *Stephenſon*'s Undertaker, oppoſite *Exeter Change*.

F I N I S.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

I. A Charge to the Clergy of the Dioceſe of *London*, Occaſioned by a general Viſitation held at St. *Paul*'s on *Thurſday*, *May* 17, 1753. Price 6 *d.*

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Printed for M. Cooper, Pater-noſter-row, W. Reeve, Fleet-ſtreet; and C. Sympſon, Chancery-lane.